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tings, of three hours each. The punctual visitor came at seven, always holding his watch in his hand; and it is needless to say he ever found the young artist ready for him. Moved by innate modesty and awe, REMBRANDT induced his father to be present at the sittings, to paint the subject at the same time. The success of REMBRANDT was, of course, but partial, though admirable as the work of one so young. But the study of the face of WASHINGTON made him familiar with its every line and expression, and enabled him in after life to produce the portraits of the great man which are now so highly prized.

At 18 years of age, REMBRANDT opened his studio in Charleston, S. C. He remained there, painting with success, until 1801, when he visited England, to study under WEST, at the Royal Academy. His studies were pursued with great ardor, and induced great changes in his style and coloring. At this time he published his "Memoirs of the Mammoth,"—a little work which attracted the attention of CUVIER. Returning to America, he practised his profession in Philadelphia. In 1807, he visited Paris, for study, and to paint eminent Frenchmen. He found sitters in many *savans* and military men, whose portraits afterwards were a great centre of attraction in the museum of the elder PEALE, in Philadelphia. Returning home, he remained in Philadelphia until 1809, when he again went to Paris, accompanied by his family. Here he remained for fifteen months, an ardent student of the great masterpieces in the public galleries, and zealously painting at his "Gallery of Eminent Frenchmen" of the time.

Returning to Philadelphia, he pursued his portrait painting with great success; and found time to work up his "Roman Daughter," which was first exhibited at the Academy in 1812. This really great picture did not escape all kinds of criticism, but passed the ordeal successfully. It was purchased by Mr. Savage, of Boston.

The long-cherished design of establishing a museum and fine-art gallery in Baltimore, was carried out at this time. He remained in that city nine years, busy with sitters, and also finding time to paint the "Ascent of Elijah," "Court of Death," &c., &c. The last-named was exhibited throughout the Union, and with great success to the artist's fame and re-

sources. It is on a canvas twenty-four by thirteen feet, and contains twenty-three full-sized figures.

From 1822 to 1829, Mr. PEALE painted portraits in Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia. In 1829, together with his son, he again visited France, extending his studies into Italy, remaining abroad sixteen months. His "Washington," which he exhibited at the Academy in Florence, and in other cities, attracted much attention. On his return home, he published a volume on Italy and Art, which proved a great success, and showed the artist to be an acute critic, as well as shrewd observer. The portrait of WASHINGTON, after his return, was purchased by Government, and now adorns the United States Senate Chamber. This portrait was his first study, improved by diligent and most careful scrutiny of all the busts and portraits of WASHINGTON which fell under his observation. It is regarded as one of the best and most life-like of all the busts and portraits of the "Father of his Country" ever painted, and received the encomiums of Chief-Justice MARSHALL, Judge WASHINGTON, LAWRENCE LEWIS, and other personal friends and relatives of the great patriot.

In 1832, the subject of this notice again visited England. Previous to this time, as early as 1825, he had experimented successfully in the just-discovered art of lithography, and took a medal from the Franklin Institute, Boston, for his lithographic impressions. His trip to England was to introduce his improvements in the art to the British public.

In 1834, Mr. PEALE opened a studio in New-York, painting eminent subjects with much success. He also produced his work on the "Principles of Drawing," which contained much useful information.

Since that time, Mr. PEALE has practised his profession chiefly in his old home in Philadelphia. He has produced several portraits of WASHINGTON of inestimable value, as being painted by the only living artist to whom the great subject sat. *One of these portraits it has been the good fortune of this Association to secure;* and it will form not the least attractive feature of the forthcoming distribution.

A visitor thus describes the present appearance of the artist, in a recent number of "Harper's Weekly:" "There appeared little of the octogenarian in his

voice, step, or manner. His whole being seemed to glow with the enthusiasm of hopeful youth, as he talked of Art, its charms to the practitioner, the divinity of its origin and character, and its humanizing influence upon society.

"In figure Mr. PEALE is of medium height, well-proportioned, and not at all bent by the weight of years. His hair—his 'plumes,' as he playfully called his locks—is white and abundant; the expression of his face is exceedingly pleasant, for it beams with benignity and earnestness; and his mild blue eyes were brilliant with the glow of feeling, as he spoke with much emotion of the portrait of WASHINGTON, which he had been permitted to paint from the living face."

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.



HE career of Lord Byron has always been likened to that of a meteor through the heavens—appearing with sudden and dazzling splendor; and here, it seems to us, the likeness ends, for the life and decay and final end of the dissolute man, were not at all in harmony, nor in fulfillment of his first promise. He "went out," as some beacon set upon a high hill, in the tempest which his own passions had raised. How different the sad story of the authoress of "Jane Eyre!" No brilliant meteor ever more startled the wondering world than did the appearance of "Jane Eyre" startle the literary and social fabric of England and America. It came unheralded, with no publisher's flourish of prepared notices, no critic's kind commendation, but dropped into the great channels of life to force its way into households everywhere, and to stir human sympathies to a depth almost unknown.—"Who is the author of this strange, powerful, weird work?" was the general cry of the public and the press. "What living author can so dissect the very soul itself, and can so mercilessly paint all its lights and shadows? Not Dickens, not Thackeray, not Kingsley—they have no such power. And it is not a woman, for surely no female could so read the great scroll of human passion, or, reading, could find it in her heart to write up the record. Who could have done it?" Thus the comment



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

ran; and thus the interest increased, until the suspense became painful. The world little guessed that a frail, timid girl, away up among bleak moors and rude people, had been writing up her own story in that wonderful "autobiography!"

The recent appearance of Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" has placed us in possession of all the facts and incidents which made up the sum of experiences from which "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," and the "Professor" were drawn. We read the volumes of that "Life" with a painful interest, and close its leaves conscious that the tragedy of life never was more fully written.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË, born April 21st, 1816, was the third of six children born to PATRICK BRONTË, incumbent of Haworth, a little village away up among the bleak hills and moors of the West Riding of Yorkshire, England. A more lonely, desolate region does not exist—the people are as rough, cold, and cruel as the hills themselves—the parsonage, in which the family dwelt, was surrounded by a graveyard. To such a spot the Irish clergyman

carried his family—five little girls and a boy. The mother soon died, leaving the children to the care of a maiden sister of the dead mother. But, left much alone, the little ones soon became a community by themselves, and gradually developed that individuality of character which followed them all through life. The father was a stern man, of strong passions, and, apparently, of most unsocial temper. His children held little communication with him—he was almost a stranger to them. Hand in hand, the little ones wandered out over the desolate moors, gathering the few wild flowers which could grow in such a rigorous spot; or, pent up in the house, they seized voraciously upon old papers and books and mastered their contents, or listened to the strange stories and singular superstitions of the old house servant, whose loving attachment for the children forms a beautiful episode in their touching history. It was evident that there was wonderful precocity in all the children. At six years of age, Maria, the eldest (they were all born in less than six years!), could repeat the debates in Par-

liament, and thus she became the oracle of the infant troupe around her. From reading of Parliament, of the Theatre, of the Opera, of the great world of London, in their weekly newspaper, the restless minds soon became engrossed in counterfeiting the outer world by little "plays," which they got up with considerable ingenuity; and in these miniature dramas were their first steps toward that authorship which afterwards made "Currer," "Ellis," and "Acton Bell" so celebrated. Left so much to themselves, what else could the life and genius burning within do but write? What wonder is it that Charlotte, ere she was fifteen, had in manuscript *twenty-two* volumes of "tales?"

The children had their first experience away from home at the Cowan's Bridge school for poor clergymen's daughters, whither Maria and Elizabeth went in July, 1824, and Charlotte and Emily in September of the same year. The history of that school is written in "Jane Eyre," and probably none who have read will forget it. Mr. Brockelhurst, Miss Temple, Miss Scatcherd, are all daguerreotyped from life, and Helen Burns, over whose fate so many tears have been shed, was Maria Brontë herself. Denied food and fire and sufficient bedding, with damp walls on every side, these frail children drooped, and ere long Maria was borne home to die—then Elizabeth followed and was consigned to the tomb—then Charlotte's health gave way, and she was borne home with broken constitution and the seeds of disease firmly planted in her system. Such was the result of the "Charity School" experience. It was the only *schooling* the parent could afford his children, for, after the death of the two eldest, Charlotte and Emily were both returned to the place, until ill health compelled their return home, in the autumn of 1825, when Charlotte was a little over nine years of age. From this time until January, 1831, Charlotte remained at home, literally the mother of that little flock, over whom she exercised all a mother's care and anxious interest for their development. It was during this period that most of her twenty-two volumes of manuscript books were written. They were chiefly stories, criticisms on character, pictures of life, and dramas written to interest "her family." Mrs. Gaskell describes Charlotte, at fifteen, as possessing eyes of most remarkable expression—color, reddish-brown; her features were large and rather

ill-set; her hands and feet were excessively small; her whole expression that of a deeply thoughtful person.

From an early day the children all saw that they must support themselves, and it was their care to accomplish themselves in some way to be fitted for self-support. Various were the devices to obtain that end, and very slight the aid or encouragement they received from their father. But their courage was unfaltering. After pursuing drawing until she nearly ruined her eye-sight, Charlotte again turned to school, and in January, 1831, went to the seminary of Miss Wooller, at Roe-Head, some forty miles from Haworth parsonage. There she spent several agreeable and profitable years, having her youngest sister Annie with her, part of the time. In 1835 she became a teacher in the establishment. But her health failed, and she went home for the holidays to recruit. At the family gatherings, which took place on those days, ways and means were the first things ever uppermost in their minds, for their brother, Patrick Branwell Bronte, was now fast coming to man's estate, with no calling or profession, and, apparently no prospect of having any. A youth of the most uncommon promise, he was growing idle, irresolute, and of very bad habits. The effort was to get him to London, as student at the Royal Academy of Painting, for which art he had a very decided turn.

After leaving Miss Wooller's employ, Charlotte became a governess for awhile, and then learned what she has so vividly daguerreotyped in "Jane Eyre," of that kind of servitude. Entertaining, then, the idea of opening a school of their own, Charlotte and Emily, by the aid of their maiden aunt, went to Brussels to accomplish themselves. Charlotte there spent two years, with a varied experience, returning home in January, 1844. Then commenced years of self-denial, of family unhappiness, of which it is hard to write, much less possible to picture to the reader's mind. Branwell Bronte was drunk whenever he could get liquor. He incurred debts which the family had to pay to keep him from prison. He brought low associates to the house—he quarrelled with, and sometimes used violence against, his father; and thus the miserable months dragged their slow lengths along for one, two, three, four, five years, until, in Sept., 1848, it pleased Heaven to remove the miserable young man from the earth.

Care and suffering had told upon the sisters. It was evident that Emily would soon follow her brother—in December, 1848, she died. Then Anne, the patient, loving, pure-hearted sister, began to droop, and in April of the succeeding year she, too, was borne to the kirk-yard, leaving Charlotte, the only survivor of that band of sisters, alone with her aged, querulous, and almost helpless father, with not a friend in the world to aid and succor her. Oh, ye who lose one of your household, and yet have all others spared, look upon this frail, sensitive woman, alone in the world, with a heart as desolate as the moors around, and cease to mourn your lot! She devoted herself now entirely to her father, and passed her remaining years mostly at Haworth. On the 29th June, 1848, she was married to her father's curate, Mr. Nicholls, a most worthy man, and died on the 31st of the following March, scarce nine months a wife, and soon to have been a mother.

Words cannot express the sorrow which has, at length, fallen upon that old man's heart—the lone survivor of a family of eight.

We have reserved little space to refer to those literary labors of CHARLOTTE BRONTE which have served to make her name celebrated. "Jane Eyre" was commenced in 1846. The sisters, Emily and Anne, had written, respectively, "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Gray," and Charlotte had contributed to the volume "The Professor" (now just published). These "tales" were in London "going the rounds" for a publisher, yet finding none. The sisters had, some time previously, brought out the "Poems of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," but the speculation proved out of pocket, and they resolved on no further risks of their own. So their "tales" went begging, and found no printer or publisher. In August of 1846, Mr. Bronte was taken to Manchester by his daughters, and operated on for cataract of the eye. Charlotte remains there as his nurse; and there, under those unhappy circumstances, was commenced that "autobiography," which was to stir the reading world so deeply. It was worked upon during the winter and spring of 1847, when the intervals of Branwell's sanity would allow. In August of that year it was sent to Messrs. Smith and Elder—in Oct. it was published. It was so new, so perfectly *novel*, that critics touched it gingerly enough, some "leading

presses" not deigning to notice it at all. But it soon found its way to the public, and then its success was almost instantaneous—critical notices neither doing it harm nor good, as has proved the case with almost every successful book which has appeared of late years. It is no sign of a good work because "the press" says it is good—nor of a poor book, because "the press" pronounces it a failure; for "the press" is, as a general thing, written up by ginger-pop scribblers, whose opinion, *pro* or *con*, "is of no consequence." In the case of "Jane Eyre," this was found to be the case. It took the great heart of the public to read the book aright—to appreciate its truthfulness—to catch its spirit, and to pronounce it all wonderful, most wonderful. Then the critics carped and whined, and talked of morbid sentiment—of immoral tendency—of shocking exposure—of license of expression; and some of them so far degraded their office as to insinuate that the author must be a *familiar* of crime and bad passions to know so much of them! Insolent puppies! That noble, long-suffering woman probably had more native purity in her soul than it ever entered into their contracted senses to conceive; their words, as we now learn, had great power to give her pain.

The success of "Jane Eyre" was so great as to impel the author to undertake another work. "Shirley" was commenced and written under the most painful circumstances; for, during its composition, Branwell Bronte, and Emily, and Anne, all died. It was published in 1849, and attracted renewed attention to Miss Bronte, who, by this time, was the acknowledged author of the works of "Currer Bell."

"Villette" was published in 1852. The public eagerly sought after it, and the sale was very large, both in this country and Great Britain. It showed the writer's mind to possess some very happy and genial characteristics, though her pen did not falter in its precision of dissection. It was her last work.

The "Professor," recently given to the public, was the first fruits of her pen, after the appearance of the "Poems of Ellis, Acton and Currer Bell." It went begging for a publisher, and finally was returned to the author's hands—not to disappoint, but to spur the indomitable woman to the composition of "Jane Eyre."

"Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette" are now placed among standard fictions, and should grace every well-chosen library.